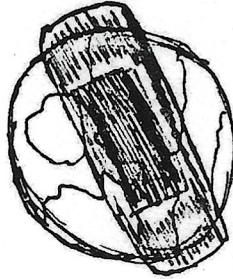
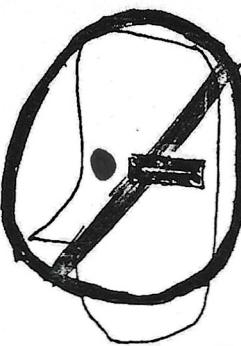


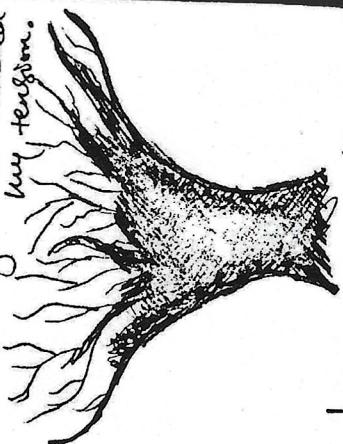
My Words helped me heal,
but my words only numbered the
pain I could feel.



The Words used to Show,
but I know they Want to
get out, Escape and Go.

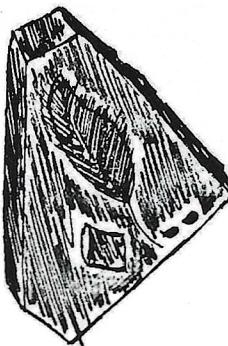


I wrote poems but tried to keep my poems safe. Stories, My Safe Space, Neutral Territories.



write was my escape,
When I wrote I wrote
For other people's sake.

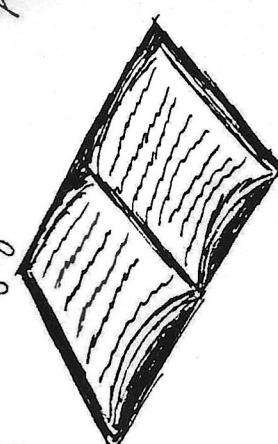
So after all I used it to
write for others,
to be their voice when theirs
Self gathered.



A little bit in I go to Z
that this was not a well or ceiling



So I am not sure where to stay,
but not too long ago I had to stay ~~my place~~



I had to write a story,
horror and sweet and not too gory.

111 I wanted some there to be
Ways for people to like that I and
my had going-on.